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Ann wrote in 1757, a sentence which is a clew to all. For such a feeling bespeaks hearts and minds that are attuned. And Lord Rosebery is right to dwell at some length upon this happier time of their lives. It is, indeed, as he says, "invaluable to a student of Pitt's career. It lights up the only expressed tenderness in his life; it is the one relief to his sombre nature; it is the sole record that we have of the unbending of that grim and stately figure."

Certainly the family temper and want of self-control may account for Chatham's stern self-repression and reserve, on the one hand, but, on the other, it would seem as if his nearest and dearest, they who came most immediately in contact with him, were not people of the "experiencing mind." For whether a man successfully hides himself or eludes observation depends upon his associates. It was a very formal age and one in which the little touches that tell so much were loftily ignored. Think how much of what we know is due to Walpole, born gossip that he was, in addition to all his other gifts. Then the circumstances of Chatham's political life, his enforced political associations and entangling political alliances, all tended to throw him back upon himself rather than to draw him out. Yet his character is everywhere subtly suggested, though not revealed, suppositions are warranted, but not pressed too closely, in this fascinating study. Lord Rosebery has clearly recognized the necessary limitations of his subject and yet has done his materials full justice. For lightness of touch and clearness of vision, for the much in little, the characterization of George II is an admirable piece of historical and political discrimination and judgment; it really restores the balance of historic truth. And how easily does Lord Rosebery take all Carlyle up when he says "hero worship makes bad history." So the swift and accurate delineation of the middle part of the eighteenth century, with its befuddling, stupid and greedy wars, is a positive boon to the general reader. For it is always a delight and a profit to have history taken from the category of duty and have it placed in that of pleasure. To be thus made partaker of Lord Rosebery's knowledge, fine temper and delightful, clarifying humor is a great favor. May he generously increase our obligations by adding a necessary second volume of Pitt's later life to this of his earlier and ascending years.

THE JAPANESE LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN. Edited by ELIZABETH BISLAND. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1910.

When the first two volumes of Lafcadio Hearn's "Letters" were published some years ago, they took place at once among the great letters of the last century, rich in personal memoirs and delightful correspondence. The "Letters" of Hearn rank with the letters of Robert Louis Stevenson, Edward Fitzgerald, the Carlyles, the Brownings, Keats and Shelley. Indeed, for sheer charm and valuable content they totally outrank the letters of Shelley and Keats, which are chiefly valuable as furnishing data of notable personalities.

It is sufficient to say of these last letters of Lafcadio Hearn that they are equal to the first instalment. The present volume consists chiefly of Hearn's letters to Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain and were sent from Kumamoto when the first fine frenzy of Hearn's delight in Japanese life was cooling. They are of especial worth as being written to a trusted and congenial friend, interested in just the same exotic and rare matters of

life and literature as Hearn himself. Therefore, they contain his freest utterance on religion, art, nature, literature and philosophy. The volume as it stands deserves to be reviewed in three ways: first and foremost as the revelation of a beautiful, though suffering soul. Secondly, as an invaluable volume of literary criticism; and, thirdly, as a vivid and faithful study of Oriental life, temperament, tendencies.

Lafcadio Hearn was one of those folk of whom the world takes account a little too late. It has a wasteful habit of letting such die before it bestirs itself to investigate their worth, to foster their existence. Yet just such souls are the hope of humanity. They have moved far along from the tiger and the ape; they have no claws and talons, no robust assurance of their right to live and share the world's joy and no great power of resistance, so they cower in the corner and leave life's prizes to be bickered over or fought for by the noisy armed competitors of modern life. None the less, such souls as Hearn's are the world's great treasures. They are those for whom the giant Time has labored through the ages, showing us

"That life is not as empty ore,
But iron dug from central gloom
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom
To shape and use."

As it is, we owe these beautiful letters of Hearn's to his rare incapacity for modern life; to a certain shy loneliness of soul which was the result of wider thinking, higher sensibilities, nobler theories, than are the stock in trade of the common run. It was no defect that divorced him from men in general, but his higher endowment. Yet with all the defeats and difficulties of his life, defenceless against the inimical warfare of existence, he never lost the zeal of those who miss the prize; never ceased his arduous labor. Mrs. Bisland Wetmore, who was his lifelong friend and has done more than any one else could to save Hearn from detractors—missionaries who misunderstood his philosophic breadth of view, and enemies who, in the disguise of friendship, have attempted to undermine his character and his claim to fame—Mrs. Bisland Wetmore says that the distinguishing characteristics of his personality were "artistic rectitude and an unusual sensitiveness." None who know Hearn through his work and his letters but will grant the truth of this.

"He was abnormally responsive to the faintest wind of beauty," writes Mrs. Wetmore, and these letters are compact of exquisite impressions, rare observations, delicate echoes of strange and beautiful harmonies keyed to the high pitch of his own sensitive heart.

No man of whom we have a full record was more aware of the ancestral souls living within him and becoming, through transmission, the very impulse and instinct of his being. Few had wider views of the eternal import of the moment, the majestic growth from tiniest seed, so that crime, in the light of his philosophy, became to him "a crime against not only the totality of all human experience with right and wrong, but a distinct injury to the universal tendency to higher things—a crime against not humanity only, but the entire cosmos—against the laws that move a hundred millions of systems of worlds."

The volume is likewise invaluable as a mass of literary criticism. Whole

essays on Kipling and Pater might be made of the chance and casual utterances of Hearn in his friendly letters. Loti he viewed with a combined delight in his high-wrought, nervous art and a total disapproval of his moral nature. For the young Kipling, at that time doing his most exuberant work, he had nothing but whole-hearted admiration. Certain of his ballads he could read seven times in succession and find new beauties every time. One letter full of delight in the younger author ends up with spontaneous cheer: "Great is K——!"

Whole essays upon the French romanticists could be made out of the book, as well as a wonderful study of Hearn's theories of art; his sense of the "colors and tints of words, the rustling of the procession of letters, the dream flutes and dream drums which are thinly and weirdly played by words." For him, he writes elsewhere, "words have color, form, character. They have faces, parts, manners, gesticulation;—they have moods, humors, eccentricities;—they have tints, tones, personalities." Noguchi says of Hearn: "He wrote with his life-blood." So do all those whose writings live. The very best of Hearn's product is in these letters, for in these he was free of all shyness; he was unveiling his personality for a friend who loved him, and great and beautiful as was his art his personality was greater, more beautiful.

WILLIAM SHARP. FIONA MACLEOD: A MEMOIR. Compiled by ELIZABETH A. SHARP. New York: Duffield & Co., 1910.

Those who turn to this Life and its Letters for *bona fide* material of a psychic or pathological nature will very likely be disappointed. The total impression in finishing the volume is that the very most has been made of what is, after all, not an unusual phenomenon. Sharp lived in the very centre of the Celtic Renaissance. The old poetry was being unearthed and studied and all the old magic and superstitions, legends and phrases, revived. It was a good mine for literary digging, and the stuff thrown up made the prominence of not a few young men of pretty fancy and swiftly fired imagination. A hard-headed critic, of the classical school, having waded through a mass of Celtic revival poetry, remarked, dejectedly, "The trouble is there is such a thin sprinkling of genius over the whole bunch."

William Sharp, like thousands of other people, seems to have had at least two sides to his nature; he was an industrious, studious, hard-working hack-writer, and alongside of this he had a visionary, sentimental, mystery-loving, feminine endowment. This latter side of his nature was very susceptible to beauty and to the charms of nature. There can be but little doubt that had William Sharp published his Fiona writings under his own name, it would have detracted from his reputation as a sober literary critic. There is just as little doubt in many minds that some of Fiona MacLeod's high reputation was due to the mystery in which she was shrouded. One has a dim feeling that if the Sunday papers had published her photograph, and the ladies' journals given pictures of her walking costumes and her pets, fewer of her books would have sold. Mystery is as good an advertisement as any; indeed, it is better than most, and it served its purpose here.

W. B. Yeats asserts that when Sharp had been talking and acting in what we may call the Fiona mood and then returned to himself as William Sharp he had no recollection of the preceding conversation. But this idea,